

AN: Got that cheesy Friday feeling? Of course you do! It's time for the comedy show that's better than all the rest: *Cheese!* Enjoy, simpletons!

Cheese

Fight

Scene One – Apartment

(TPYMK sits glumly by the window. Rain splatters against the glass, accompanied by the sound of thunder and a crack of lightning. It's a very miserable night.)

TPYMK: It's so unappealing around here. Why does it have to rain?

(Greg is sat on the sofa, drinking from a gallon jug filled with beer.)

GREG: Well, it *has* to rain, doesn't it? That's the water cycle.

TPYMK: Yes, but— Wait a minute. How do *you* – the Estonian drunk with no brain whatsoever – know about the water cycle?

GREG: Because I had to use it in a scientific experiment that went horribly wrong.

TPYMK: The words "Greg" and "scientific experiment" should never be in the same sentence together.

GREG: All I did was try to turn the water cycle into the *alcohol* cycle. Just imagine it. Every single day you could walk outside and feel Guinness lashing onto your face. It was such a good idea.

TPYMK: Did you put any effort into the idea?

GREG: Nah – I just got drunk.

(TPYMK sighs, returning his attention to the window.)

TPYMK: I wish this rain would let up... I want to go outside.

(Dan is stood by the wall, staring at his reflection in a mirror while adjusting the crown on his head.)

DAN: But it's almost midnight. Why would you want to go outside at this hour?

TPYMK: To look really strong and cool. Like all the action movie stars.

DAN: A royal prince like me *certainly* won't be stepping outside at this hour. There could be any number of awful assassins waiting to destroy me.

TPYMK: I wish you two had a sense of adventure. We should be doing something exciting right now! Anything to alleviate the boredom!

GREG: Well, we could look at the TV.

DAN: I thought you said the TV was broken?

GREG: Yeah, I know – but we could just sit there looking at it.

(TPYMK stands up, having had enough.)

TPYMK: Right – that's the last straw! I demand for you two to think of something interesting this second!

GREG: I've got it!

TPYMK: Got what?

GREG: A lack of ideas!

(TPYMK rolls his eyes and punches Greg in the face.)

TPYMK: Shut up, Greg!

(Greg smiles.)

GREG: You can't say that drink doesn't pack a punch!

TPYMK: Dan, think of something – and fast.

DAN: I'm sorry, TPYMK, but I'm not on thinking hours. You'll have to ask one of my loyal subjects for a suggestion instead.

TPYMK: But you don't have any loyal subjects!

DAN: Well, then you're in a bit of a pickle, aren't you?

GREG: I was in a pickle once.

(He grins.)

My hallucinations can get pretty interesting.

TPYMK: Greg?

GREG: Yes?

(TPYMK kicks him in the groin.)

DAN: I wish you two would stop this senseless violence! My palace does not deserve to be graced with such misfortune!

TPYMK: Well, excuse me, princess, but sometimes this little drunk has to be taught a lesson.

GREG: Yeah – like how to drink ninety cans of Budweiser without throwing up your intestines. I've learned that lesson *hundreds* of times!

(TPYMK grabs a baseball bat from beside the sofa.)

TPYMK: Look, if someone doesn't come up with an idea in the next five seconds, then I'm going to—

GREG: Hey! Wait! I've just come up with a brilliant, original idea! Something that no one – not even someone like me – has ever thought of!

(TPYMK looks excited.)

TPYMK: Really? What is it?

GREG: Let's drink!

(TPYMK clobbers Greg over the head with the baseball bat, knocking him out.)

TPYMK: You'd better say something smart, Dan – and make it snappy.

DAN: Let's not be too hasty, TPYMK. How about a board game?

TPYMK: Come on – it's got the word "bored" in it! Now you're *really* making me mad...

(TPYMK raises the bat, ready to bring it crashing down on Dan's head.)

DAN: No! Wait, wait! You'll mess up my crown! And this handsome face!

TPYMK: You've ruined your face all by yourself. And that crown is plastic. It only cost you a dollar!

DAN: How dare you insult my royal attire! I demand a written apology! Can't I ever have a kind word for once?

TPYMK: You can have *two*: you suck.

(TPYMK goes to swing the baseball bat—

—when a bolt of lightning strikes the window, sending shards of glass splintering all over the place!)

DAN: Whoa!

(TPYMK turns around, staring at the window and raising the baseball bat defensively. Greg wakes up, screaming at the top of his voice.)

TPYMK: What the hell was that?

DAN: The window just exploded!

(Greg is still screaming.)

TPYMK: Greg, what's going on?

GREG: I was dreaming!

TPYMK: I know – it sounded harrowing.

GREG: No – I was in bed with a living pint of beer. It was great! Let's get back to sleep very quickly!

(Greg closes his eyes.)

TPYMK: No, Greg – get up!

(TPYMK pulls Greg up by his hair.)

GREG: What is it?

TPYMK: A horrible accident has occurred!

GREG: Well, that's not my problem – just go to the hospital.

DAN: Or get the ambulance.

GREG: (confused) We haven't got an ambulance.

TPYMK: Shut up, you boneheads!

(He slams both of their heads into the wall. They stumble about, dazed.)

We have a problem on our hands!

GREG: Just on our hands?

(Greg examines his hands.)

I can't see any problems there.

DAN: Maybe the problem is on our legs.

GREG: Or our feet.

DAN: Or our arms.

TPYMK: There's a problem everywhere, okay? A bolt of lightning has struck the window! Someone's going to have to clean up all the glass!

DAN: We haven't got a vacuum, though.

TPYMK: Then just eat the glass.

GREG: Why would anyone eat glass?

TPYMK: Well, maybe I should pour a bit of wine on it. You'd soon tuck in then, wouldn't you?

GREG: Great idea!

(Greg moves towards the window—

—just as a shadow zips past them all.)

TPYMK: Did you see that?

GREG: See what?

TPYMK: That shadow?

GREG: Nah – my sight is so stupendously bad that I can only see things with alcoholic content. Right now, all I can see are hundreds of glasses and bottles.

DAN: I saw it... Royal princes have excellent eyesight, after all.

TPYMK: So do I. I found those princess dresses underneath your bed, you know. You really need to find a better hiding place.

DAN: I'm just saving those for a friend!

TPYMK: The glass slippers, too?

DAN: I think you're missing the point! Someone's broken into our apartment!

GREG: Oh, no! If someone's broken into our apartment, then that means...

(He gasps.)

Someone's broken into our apartment!

(The three of them all scream at the top of their voices.)

TPYMK: Oh, God – what are we gonna do?

GREG: Wet ourselves?

DAN: No, I've already done that.

TPYMK: We just need to stay calm.

(Dan nods.)

DAN: Yes. You're right. We have to act like soldiers.

GREG: The soldiers of what war?

DAN: I don't know... World War One?

GREG: Oh, right...

(Greg suddenly looks panicked.)

Oh, my God! Germans! Thousands of them! I want my mother!

TPYMK: Greg – shut up!

(TPYMK takes a hammer out of his pocket and slams it into Greg's head. He soon stops screaming.)

GREG: That really hurt, you know.

TPYMK: What did?

GREG: The thought of me not having a drink for at least three minutes.

DAN: Why on earth would someone want to break into our apartment? We have nothing of any value.

TPYMK: Maybe they're a professional assassin of some sort, hell-bent on killing me so that my incredible writing talent will *never* reach the world!

GREG: *What* talent?

TPYMK: Don't insult it, Greg – we wouldn't have this script otherwise.

GREG: I'll say it again. *What* talent?

(TPYMK whacks him across the cheek with the hammer.)

DAN: Maybe it's Greg sending people to kill us again. I bet it's that Interceptor guy...

TPYMK: Or maybe it's Eoin, who wants revenge after seeing what horrible employees we were!

GREG: Or maybe it's... teddy bears.

(TPYMK screams in terror.)

TPYMK: *Teddy bears!*

(He then scowls at Greg's stupid suggestion.)

You really are an idiot, Greg.

GREG: How dare you! I'm not an idiot – I'm a *massive* idiot! Now, I think I need a few drinks to steady my nerves...

(Greg picks up two massive bottles of champagne from the kitchen table; he immediately starts to gulp them down.)

TPYMK: Greg, this is no time for your Romanian drinking habits!

(TPYMK smacks the bottles out of his hands. They smash on the floor.)

GREG: *No!*

(Greg falls to his knees, tears in his eyes.)

My babies!

(Greg cradles the broken glass, his heart shattered.)

You were so young... You had so much to live for!

(He points at TPYMK.)

You monster... *You monster!* You killed my sons!

(Dan stares at TPYMK, outraged.)

DAN: TPYMK, how could you?

TPYMK: Are you serious? Don't make me take that crown and stick it right up your—

(A bolt of lightning suddenly streaks past TPYMK and Dan. They dive in opposite directions, crashing to the floor.)

DAN: Jesus!

(TPYMK looks around in confusion.)

TPYMK: Where?

GREG: This is it! The apocalypse! Thunder and lightning! The absence of alcohol! This is it for us...

(TPYMK and Dan climb to their feet.)

TPYMK: Don't be ridiculous, Greg! We're all English, and that means there's a way out of everything!

(The three of them all stare at each other, confused.)

DAN: No, we're not.

TPYMK: No – we're not, are we?

(He shrugs.)

Oh, well. Looks like we're in trouble, then.

GREG: We're all going to die!

TPYMK: Well, it was bound to happen – this is the 60s, after all.

DAN: But who's attacking us?

(A new voice joins in on the conversation.)

VOICE: / am!

(The three of them look up, to find a lion cub standing a few feet in front of them.)

TPYMK: Who are you?

(The cub's paws crackle with deafening electricity.)

SHOCKER: My name... is Shocker.

DAN: What did he say his name was? I can't hear him over the noise

of the electricity!

GREG: I think he said his name was Socker!

TPYMK: He kills socks? That evil fiend!

SHOCKER: I have come back to exact my revenge on you three miscreants for foiling my last scheme! Simba, Nala and Haiba – consider yourselves doomed!

DAN: Who the hell is he talking about?

TPYMK: I think there's been some sort of major misunderstanding.

(He shouts at Shocker.)

Socker, I think you've got the wrong miscreants! Our socks have done you no harm!

SHOCKER: My name is Shocker, you fool!

GREG: Your name is Soccer?

DAN: I thought it was Solar.

TPYMK: Solaris?

SHOCKER: You will all die!

TPYMK: Run!

(The three of them do just that, crouching behind the kitchen table.)

DAN: What are we gonna do?

TPYMK: Okay, it's obvious that this Slocker – Sockie – Sprocko – whatever – needs to be stopped!

GREG: Do not fear – I have a plan!

TPYMK: Does it involve alcohol?

GREG: Yes.

TPYMK: Right – get me a knife...

GREG: No, wait – hear me out! I know something using alcohol that will solve all of our problems!

DAN: What is it?

GREG: A Molotov cocktail.

TPYMK: Yes! Brilliant! Do you know how to make one?

GREG: Certainly do!

(Shocker's cackles can be heard echoing around the apartment.)

SHOCKER: Don't think you can hide for ever!

GREG: One second...

(Greg stands up, leaning over the table. The sound of him tinkering with bottles can be heard. Eventually, he returns, holding a Molotov cocktail.)

Here we go!

TPYMK: Great! This'll show him who's boss!

(Greg downs the entirety of the Molotov cocktail in one big gulp. *Bang!* An explosion goes off inside his stomach. Smoke pours out of his ears.)

GREG: Right – that should energise me. Anyone got any bright ideas?

TPYMK: Are you telling me you just wasted our only chance against that monster *just so you could take another drink?*

(Greg nods.)

GREG: Yep – that's about it.

(TPYMK lets out a cry of anger, leaping on Greg and pummelling him with punch after punch. Dan holds him back.)

DAN: Stop it! That's not helping!

TPYMK: You're telling me drinking our only explosive *is* helpful?

DAN: There has to be something else we can do.

(*Zap!* A lightning bolt strikes the kitchen table, blowing it into splinters and leaving the three exposed to Shocker's fury.)

GREG: Hello, Clocker!

SHOCKER: You three are in for a shock.

GREG: Is that bad?

TPYMK: *Very.*

SHOCKER: I don't know why you thought you could evade me. I'm exceptionally good at hunting down worthless creatures.

TPYMK: I think we noticed that...

DAN: I guess this is it, then. We might as well surrender.

SHOCKER: Yes! Give in! There is nothing anyone can do for you now!

TPYMK: Unless...

(A sly smile crosses his face.)

DAN: What?

TPYMK: What do you think a guy like him hates?

DAN: Socks, apparently.

TPYMK: No, you Martian moron! He's electrical, right? So... water must be his number one enemy!

(Greg flinches.)

DAN: What is it, Greg?

GREG: I have a rational fear of water. It's the purest drink in the world – one drop would instantly kill someone like me.

TPYMK: And maybe one drop will kill someone like *him*, too.

(TPYMK stands up.)

Her, Schlocker!

SHOCKER: What?

TPYMK: I think it's time you shorted out.

(TPYMK grabs a bottle of water from the kitchen worktop, hurling it at Shocker. Water is sprayed all over the cub.)

SHOCKER: No! No!

(The cub's powers backfire on him, as he is electrocuted with a million volts!)

GREG: Wow – this is almost as exciting as a night filled with endless drinking!

(Shocker falls onto his back, smoking, dead.)

DAN: That was a close call.

(Dan stands up, dusting off his shirt. So does Greg.)

GREG: Almost as close as that drinking contest I had with myself! I certainly gave me a run for my money!

(Dan frowns at the deceased Shocker. He gives the cub a hard kick.)

DAN: No more killing socks for you!

TPYMK: I suppose there's only one thing left to do... How are we gonna dispose of the body?

GREG: Well...

(Greg rubs his stomach.)

Anyone else feeling a bit peckish?

Thirty Minutes Later...

(TPYMK, Dan and Greg are sat on the sofa. Shocker's dead body has been placed on a large plate with an apple in his mouth. The three have already eaten most of his carcass.)

TPYMK: It's "shocking" how appetizing this guy is!

DAN: I was "zapped" of energy – but not anymore!

GREG: Bananas!

(The two stare at Greg. He shrugs.)

What? I wanted to be different.

TPYMK: It doesn't matter. At least we don't have any more horrific battles to fight. It makes me wonder, though: why did he come after us instead of whoever he was supposed to?

DAN: Funny you should mention that, actually. When I was in the street earlier today, a strikingly similar cub came up to me in the street earlier, asking for direction to the Pride Lands.

TPYMK: Yeah. And?

DAN: Oh – that's right! I said to go left when I should have said right! He ended up on our street instead!

(He chuckles.)

I'd better go and find him – he's probably lost!

(TPYMK scowls, taking out his hammer.)

TPYMK: Dan?

DAN: Yes?

TPYMK: It's hammer time!

(TPYMK whacks Dan across the face with the hammer.)

The End

AN: Hey! Greg didn't get hurt at the end this time! Instead, Dan got the unlucky blow. Still, at least we got rid of Shocker! And then ate him... Well, with this show, are you honestly surprised? Of course not! So, return next time for more insanity, humour and mindless violence! There's sure to be a lot of it! Stay cheesy, folks.